

Sharing the Shirt by [thisiswhyishouldntwritefanfic](#)

Series: [One Thought, Many Worlds \[1\]](#)

Category: Heathers (1988), Pump Up the Volume (1990), Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Alternate Universe, Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Awkward, Crossover, Established Relationship, F/M, Flirting, Fluff, Implied Sexual Content, Inappropriate Humor, Light Angst

Language: English

Characters: Barbara "Barb" Holland, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Jason "J. D." Dean, Mark Hunter (Pump Up the Volume), Nora Diniro, Veronica Sawyer

Relationships: Jason "J. D." Dean/Veronica Sawyer, Nora Diniro/Mark Hunter

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Summary:

Short, unconnected pieces about Veronica wearing JD's shirt set in various AUs I've made.

1. Not Romantic, but It Is (Fool's Errand AU)

Author's Note:

I sat down to write this afternoon. I'd had an early shift, had to come home and nap, and my system is still out of whack, and I stared at each of my stories in turn and found myself unable to do updates. Again. (It was a bit more severe than that, actually, but let's not discuss that.) I sat around, considered a few destructive impulses, and instead decided I would write unrelated stuff because I really, really wanted shirt fic.

That's all the explanation I have. I wanted it for one AU in particular, but I thought I'd try all of my AUs just to get something going, maybe, as I'm a bit stuck (or a lot stuck, depending on the story.)

When Veronica wore his shirt the first time, it wasn't the least bit romantic. If anything, it was an awkward reminder that she was still beyond angry with her parents for not listening to her and has no intention of forgiving them anytime soon. She refused to go home, and she didn't have any of her own clothes because she wouldn't go or speak to them.

She didn't know what else to do, though. She'd needed a shower, and she wasn't about to get back into her own gross clothes. She hadn't felt comfortable asking JD's mom for any of hers, but JD had given her one of his without a word, along with a set of sweatpants she had to roll up, but she liked them and over the years they were together, she considered them the coziest clothes she had.

It helped that JD got a little bit of a smile each time he saw her in the shirt, maybe even a laugh about the pants, and when he was feeling more romantic, he even got snarky about taking his clothes off of her.

She was actually a bit heartbroken when she had to concede they

were too worn out to wear, but not long after she did, he gave her another set.

This time the shirt had one word on it. *Forever.*

2. A Bit of Confusion (Static on the Airwaves/Changing the Station AU)

Notes for the Chapter:

The twins and the teasing... It had to happen.

“Are you sure that's actually JD's shirt?”

Veronica shrugged, looking down at it. It was comfortable, not dirty like her own was, still wrinkled somewhere on the floor and quite possibly missing a button because someone had been in a hurry last night. “It fits.”

“Yes, but we're talking about your boyfriend who has made it very clear he does not share and that could very well be his brother's shirt,” Nora said, leaning against Mark's desk.

“Should I ask if you're jealous?” Veronica wasn't sure Nora and Mark were at a shirt sharing stages in their relationship, though most of that came from JD, anyway, who teased Mark constantly about how 'inexperienced' he was.

“Of you and Mark?” Nora shook her head. “No, because I know as much as he likes you as a person he doesn't have an interest in you like that. And when it comes to being jealous of you and JD...”

“You are?”

Nora laughed. “No. I think some others might be, the ones that only care about getting a boyfriend and losing that v card, or maybe Kurt Kelly because supposedly he has a crush on you and hates JD because of it, but I don't think I want what you two have.”

“You just want what you and Mark have?”

“More or less.”

Veronica would have asked her about that, maybe even teased her,

but the boys came inside, and it didn't take long for JD to grin at the sight of her.

"You're wearing my shirt."

"Yeah, I am," she said, and he took her hands, studying her. "And yeah, I know it's too big and there was a chance it was Mark's, but you—"

He cut her off with a kiss, and Veronica wanted to laugh when she heard the sliding door open, knowing that Mark and Nora were leaving the room.

"You want to tell them?"

Mark looked at Nora, shaking his head. "Are you insane? I am so never telling either of them that was my shirt. And... it's not. Not anymore."

She laughed, wrapping her arms around him. "You're so cute when they tease you about this stuff."

"I'm glad you think so."

"Should I be worried you let JD do it on purpose?"

"Not all the time," Mark said. "Though... I think that's also my shirt."

3. Soulmate for a Shirt (Beautiful Trauma AU)

"I'm starting to think you decided we were soulmates so you could steal my clothes," JD said, and Veronica laughed. He shook his head. "You mock me, but I swear, you haven't worn any of your own shirts since we came to camp weirdo-ville."

"Don't call it that," Veronica said, swatting him. "Your family is nice. A lot nicer than some I've met. Just because nearly everyone here has an ability doesn't make them that strange."

"Nope, just the rest of their screwed up genetics, which I'll remind you I share." He caught her in his arms. "Did someone steal your suitcase? Is that it?"

She shook her head. "No, though annoying Heather Chandler is a nice bonus."

"She doesn't like my fashion sense."

"You don't *have* fashion sense."

"Says the woman wearing my shirt."

"Well, if we are soulmates, then we have a thing called... communal property, right? So what's yours is mine and so on," she teased, looking up at him with the most tempting smirk on her face. "This is *my* shirt."

"Hmm. I suppose by that logic, this," he tugged on her skirt, "is mine. And before you get any funny thoughts about me wearing it, I'm thinking more along the lines of... taking it off."

"Yeah? You sure you want to risk it with all you know about your parents?"

"Apparently one of the less... mature cousins thinks it's his job to give all new soulmates a box of condoms."

“That's so wrong. Some of them are still kids, and what about the ones that—”

“They banned him from doing it years ago, but I did find his stash.”

She rolled her eyes. “That's so romantic.”

“Yeah, well... you kind of got screwed over in the soulmate department, so...”

Veronica reached up and touched his face. “Don't say that. You can be a lot better than what you've known. And you're very talented. So am I. Together we saved the world. That's more than most couples can say.”

He nodded. “I suppose so. Now about that skirt...”

She laughed.

4. Inappropriate Remarks (Chaos Killed the Demogorgon AU)

Notes for the Chapter:

For one, this one might not happen because I don't know if the story will go there. Also... the joke may be in bad taste? I sometimes have trouble telling.

"I think you're in danger of starting your own harem," Veronica said, and her pyro frowned at her. She saw Barb go bright red at the words, and she knew she was taking it the wrong way. Not, Veronica supposed, that she'd said it just for the right way, but it could have been a more innocent interpretation of them. If that existed. She was pretty sure the take most people had of it was negative.

"Harem?" He frowned, rubbing his head like he was trying to figure out what that word meant and if he should know it.

"It really isn't what she's saying it is," Barb said. "The word actually means a part of the house where the women and concubines lived."

"Or the women of the house," Veronica said. "And it was a special, private, protected place."

"Yeah, but most people would take it as him abducting women and locking them away to have his way with them," Barb said. She flushed again. "There were a lot of romance novels like that. Historical ones, even. I didn't—it's not—"

"Even I know that's wrong," he said, looking back at the door where Eleven had gone. "She's twelve. And besides, the only one I want like that is you, Veronica. Maybe. I'm not so sure anymore."

"I didn't say that you'd hurt her," Veronica said, "or that I'm looking to share."

He snorted. "Barb has better taste than that."

“Um, thanks, I think.”

Veronica stuck her tongue out at him. “I was teasing. And it went the wrong way. Admittedly, my sense of humor is warped. So is yours.”

He nodded. “Yes, but I'm a freak made in a lab. You should know better.”

“That doesn't mean I'm always good enough not to say stupid thoughtless shit, even if it's not as funny as I thought at first. Just because I'm smart doesn't mean I'm always appropriate.”

The door opening kept anyone from saying anything to that, which was probably for the best. Eleven coming out of the bedroom in one of his shirts. That made three of them, then, in his shirts. Barb's still smelled, and Veronica's had been ruined by the paramedics, and El's dress was pretty dirty, so that led to the change.

Still, three of them in his clothes? That was just asking for another inappropriate remark.

Veronica cleared her throat. “I need you to come here and do something for me.”

He frowned. “What, and why?”

“Kiss me so I don't say something else stupid.”

“Oh,” he said, smiling. “That I can do.”

5. Evil Long Term Plans (Far from Innocent/Relative Innocence AU)

Notes for the Chapter:

And this would be the one that sort of started it all?
They're not really at this point in the story, so...
yeah. I skipped ahead/wrote outside it again.

I think I'd better call it a night before I do anything
else stupid.

“Admit it. You did it on purpose.”

JD looked up from his book, frowning. “I'd deny all knowledge, but then I'm not entirely sure what I'm being accused of... so I suppose I plead innocence by ignorance?”

Veronica snorted, picking up his book and dropping it on the floor before claiming his lap. “You would. You and your evil long term plans.”

“Again, at the risk of repeating myself, I have no idea what you're talking about. Though I suppose I won't complain too much about the interruption, even if it is to accuse me of things I really don't know that I've done. I mean, I'm no innocent in most forms of the word, though I didn't do anything recently that I'm aware of. Unless you mean coming back to live here again and the whole marriage thing that came afterward. Then I suppose I am quite guilty.”

She rolled her eyes. “Really? You should make a sport out of avoiding the subject.”

“I am excellent at it, yes. I suppose it's an art form for me,” he agreed. “However, this time it's you avoiding the subject. Tell me, my blushing bride, what is it you think I did?”

“The shirts.”

He frowned. "Ooh-kay. You have officially lost me, and when I can almost follow Enid's geek ramblings, that's saying something."

"Your shirts. Your stupid long term plan shirts," she said, and he reached up to touch her forehead. She swatted his hand away. "Admit that you bought them on purpose."

"Um... I generally do buy clothes on purpose."

She shook her head. "Enough. You bought these damned shirts knowing that I'd find the fabric irresistible. You wore all of the ones you had in all the colors so I'd get hooked on the feel of them, and then you went and left, asshole, just so I'd miss you and have to have your damned shirt. It was all a ploy to get me wearing your shirts."

"I do prefer the way you look in them to how you look in your responsible FBI lady outfits."

"JD—"

"I may have been hoping you'd develop this habit you have now of wandering around in nothing but them and exposing those lovely legs of yours," he admitted, running a hand over said leg and giving her a smirk. "But then, I'm still very much a guy, even if I'm older now and that particular drive is supposed to fade with age—"

"Supposed to fade with age?"

He shrugged. "I think most people would blame any intimacy hangups we might have on the myriad of other issues we have. It's not really physical with us, is it?"

She seemed to fight a moan and squirmed a little. "Um..."

"See? That part is working just fine. It's the other stuff that gets in the way."

She leaned her head against his. "I hate how screwed up we are."

"We wouldn't be us otherwise," he said, caressing her cheek. "Still, I suppose I have to confess—you were right. I did sort of buy the shirts with the idea of you wearing them in mind."

“You did?”

“Yes. Why do you think I got them so small?”